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THE COMMONWEALTH.

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VOL. XII. New Series - Vol. 1.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1896.

NO. 49.

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

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"A number of our young ladies who are known throughout the State as society favorites, have fitted up in tasteful manner elegant rooms in one of the best buildings here. And in these rooms they gather almost every day to the week and with various pursuits make time pass pleasantly and profitably to themselves, and at the same time confer benefits on others in the community.

"The club is the home of the charitable work which for three years has been successfully carried on by these young ladies, and which has resulted in the wise distribution of assistance to the poor of Durham and her suburbs. This year they have added the literary feature, and day after day they devote their leisure hours to a thorough study of the best literature. Another project of these young ladies is a sewing school, whose sessions are held near one of the cotton mills, and whose pupils are the young girl operatives. So it is sure that while Durham's Woman's club has its social side, it is far from being a social club."

LETTER ABOUT SPAIN.

CRUEL BULL FIGHTS.

Other Notes of Travel.

Since leaving home about five years ago I have visited some of the well known points of interest in Europe and also traveled along the African coast of the Mediterranean and into Asia Minor. I went from Genoa to Gibraltar and then went up to the Alhambra. I traveled enough in Spain to see for myself that the Moorish civilization has left its impress all over the country. The Alhambra is beyond description. The Spaniards say that Christopher Columbus discovered America and Washington Irving discovered the Alhambra. I was shown the room in which Washington Irving stopped. I saw the progress of restoration of the Alhambra which is going on at government expense. That progress is at a snail's pace. They will do about as much in one year, as would be accomplished in this country in one week.

Turning from the beauty and grandeur of the Alhambra, with its lace-work and coloring of red, blue and gold, and looking towards the Sierra Nevada with orange groves at their feet, I went down to the headquarters of the Gypsies. Spain is the stronghold of the nomads. As I came up I saw the King of the Gypsies. He is a swarthy, medium-sized man, and was gorgeously dressed. He had in his right hand a staff, and with this he struck an attitude and looked as though he was a man of some consequence, but all that he wants is a fee. He is always on the lookout for strangers and he has his picture to sell. If there are ten in a party and one of them buys one of his pictures he will want them all to buy one and then he will give a polite bow and move on. As I went towards the heart of the Gypsy quarters it seemed as if the earth must have opened and vomited up beggars, large and small, men, women and children. They seized my horses and even jumped into my carriage. They ran after me with astonishing speed and endurance, even children. It did astonish me to see how they could keep up with my horses, going very fast and the driver still whipping them. The girls and boys were barefooted and half dressed. The little children from five to ten years old had nothing on them. I was told that there were some beautiful girls among the Gypsies and they were good dancers, but what I really saw was an ordinary Spanish dance by ugly, fat women. There were none of the beautiful costumes, or beautiful women which had been promised before going there. The dancers are really fat, lazy girls. I paid a fee to go in and see the dance, and then they wanted more money. The dancing was nothing extra. I have seen better at one of our old time country dances. I saw the narrow streets of Seville and walked along the Main street which is so narrow that it is called the "snake." The Alcazar attracted my attention very much, with its story added above the old structure for the accommodation of the King and Queen when they visited the town. I saw Cordova and went into the Mosque which has four hundred and sixty-seven of the beautifully crowned Moorish columns, of which there are not two alike.

At Madrid I saw several bull-fights. I shall never forget that sight. I had often wondered how bull-fighting could be a national amusement. The bull-ring is only 30 by 30 feet and there are seats all around it, something like a show and will seat more than 20,000 people. There are where you can see finely dressed ladies in their silks and satins. Nearly all the fashionable ladies were smoking cigarettes and were in full dress. Bull-fights have cruel features, but the real cruelty is not to the bulls, but to the horses, as far as I could see. I saw four bull-fights and they all terminated in the same way. The horses upon which the bull-fighters rode were ripped open by the bulls every time. Around the ring went one horse, stepping upon his own entrails and on his back was the rider. The bull gored the horse the second time and he fell but was not killed, and as he lay on the ground the bull attacked him the third time. The horses are led in the ring blind-folded. The horns of the bulls are sharpened like needles.

After the bull-fighting and the hand-somely dressed crowd was riding away, I noticed something odd which I have never seen described in print. Here and there, scattered along the streets of that great city, were flocks of goats, from 50 to 80 goats in a flock. Each flock was in charge of one or more persons, men or women, who were calling "Milk for sale!" People came from the houses with pails, bowls and other utensils.

"How much milk you want?" asked the goat driver. Receiving an answer, a goat was milked then and there in the presence of the purchaser of the milk. There would be no use for milk inspector in this city. You can see how odd the transaction appeared for a city by imagining herds of goats or cows driven through the principal streets of New York and milked while you wait.

Some of the foreign countries are more than 100 years behind the times. C. T. CURRIE.

Penniless on the Train. New York Sun.

A prosperous New Yorker who passed the summer in Asheville, has brought back a good story of his own carelessness and Southern confidence in human nature. He is an absent-minded person, and often takes thought of important matters too late. He reached the Asheville station on his return to find that he had less than \$10 in his purse. There was not a moment to lose. He was obliged to go; his wife and daughter were to join him at Charlotte, and to postpone the trip was out of the question. He invested all the money he had in a ticket which insured his passage only as far as Salisbury.

"I was flat broke," he says, in telling the story, "and I felt like a tramp stealing a ride, but my gloom was illuminated by the hope that my wife and daughter had been economical enough to save from their allowances enough money to pay for our passage to Washington at least. Vain hope! They got on the train penniless and hungry, without even a ticket.

"Railroads don't do business on a credit system, and on that short ride between Charlotte and Salisbury my hair nearly turned gray. Any prospect is more fascinating than that of being put off penniless, in a North Carolina mountain town at nearly midnight, with a helpless wife and daughter to look after. I was desperate. My brain whirled in a furious endeavor to evolve some solution. The train stopped at Salisbury. I ran up to the ticket window, where a cool-looking fellow was presiding. I went at him with desperation.

"My dear fellow," I said, "I am in a terrible fix—busted. My wife and daughter are on that train, and we're obliged to go on to New York to-night. Can't you take my check for three tickets?" "He eyed me cool as ice, and sold and stamped three tickets to some way station. Then he turned to give some fellow information about the midnight train. It seemed an eternity before he turned again to me. Then he said laconically: 'Guess so,' and proceeded to stamp up the tickets.

TWO GRAVES.

A rich man died. They laid him down upon a fair slope, slanting toward the West, And cast about the silence of his tomb A marble mausoleum's sacred gloom.

The hung within its tower, tall and white, A chime of sweet-voiced bells; and every night, Just as the red sun sank below the swell Of that green hill, they tolled his solemn knell.

Another died. They buried him in haste Within a barren field, a weedy waste. Rank nettles locked their arms and thorns were sown. Above his bed, unmarked by cross or stone.

One lived on many tongues. The other fell From human memory; and both slept well. --Catharine Young Glen.

Mud Washes.

Norfolk Landmark. The old proverb, that there is nothing that has not some use in the world if we only knew what it was, has been verified again. This time the discoverer was the summer girl who has just returned from her outing at the seashore or in the mountains. The bugaboo of the summer girl's season is the tan which she brings back to the city with her. It interferes with her wearing of evening gowns. And she will go to almost any extreme to accomplish that result in a hurry.

The latest wrinkle of the city girl is mud. Plain, dirty, sticky mud. The idea is by no means new, but it is the first time that society as a whole has accepted it as a skin beautifier. Swamp mud or the mud from the bed of a stream is the best. The skin should be thoroughly cleansed and dried until the skin feels warm, and the perspiration has started. Then apply the mud thickly, taking care to keep it from the eyes. It is especially necessary that care be taken to cover all portions of the skin alike, as the smallest patch of uncovered skin is likely to stand out with disagreeable plainness the next morning.

The feeling of the mud on the face is not as unpleasant as one might at first suppose. It feels much as a coating of vaseline or cold cream would, and its beneficial results are much greater. The hands are treated in the same way, except that it is advisable to wear an old loose pair of gloves to prevent the mud from being rubbed off during the night.

The idea of the mud wash is as old as history. The old Romans knew of it, and it is very probable that Cleopatra used the prescription to enhance her charms. In the West mud is a panacea for poisonous bites and stings. And the rural maidens use it to whiten their skin. The idea may be distasteful to a great many people, but it is the fact just at present, and has as many devotees as social fancies always do.

WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.

Seen 'n' the thing is over— Seen 'n' the victory's won; Don't growl at the boys in clover— What's done is done.

The same sun's shining 'above us— The same world's under the sun; The same sweet friends that'll love us— What's done is done!

An' the world keeps on a turnin'— The river's still on the run; The lamps of the Lord air burnin'— What's done is done!

Burned in a Barn.

Greenville Reflector. Mr. Wyatt Meeks, of Carolina township, had his barn and about 75 barrels of corn and 5 bales of cotton and all his farming utensils, destroyed by fire last week. And now the saddest part is he had two small children consumed in the flames, aged three and five years. The little fellows it is supposed went in the barn to play and set fire to some shucks near the door and then ran up on the corn in the back of the barn where they were found after the barn burned down.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at T. Whitehead & Co.'s Drug Store.

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The Davis Warehouse,



ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

I desire to say to the Tobacco Growers of Halifax and adjoining counties, that I am better prepared than ever, to get you the very HIGHEST MARKET PRICES for your tobacco. We have plenty of Buyers, and with more than SEVENTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE in the Warehouse business. I do not hesitate to tell you that Rocky Mount is the market and the Davis Warehouse the place, to sell your tobacco.

GIVE ME A TRIAL AND I WILL PLEASE YOU. PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL SHIPMENTS. Your Friend,

Buckner Davis.

JEWELRY

AND SILVERWARE!!! WATCHES AND CLOCKS PUT IN PERFECT REPAIR.

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His office is at our show window in front. All work is guaranteed.

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Tonsorial Service.

You get a— QUICK AND EASY SHAVE, AND— YOUR HAIR CUT AT ANY TIME

Remembering your liberal patronage in the past I hope to receive it still.

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DOLISON WHITEHEAD.

HOW THE DIPPER SAVED THE FARM.

Father was sick and the mortgage on the farm was coming due, I saw in the Christian Advocate where Miss A. M. Fritz of Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would send a sample combination dipper for 18 two cent stamps, and I ordered one. I saw the dipper could be used as a fruit jar filler; a plain dipper; a fine strainer; a funnel; a strainer funnel; a sick room warming pan and a pint measure. These eight different uses make the dipper such a necessary article that I went to work with it and it sells at very near every house. And in four months I paid off the mortgage I think I can clear as much as \$200 a month. If you need work you can do well by giving this a trial. Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A., St. Louis, Mo., will send you a sample for 18 two cent stamps. Write at once. JOHN G. N. 10 22 13 1/2

HUDSON'S ENGLISH KITCHEN,

187 Main St., NORFOLK, VA.

Is the Leading Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen. Strictly a Temperance Place. All meals 25c. Hudson's Surpassing Coffee a Specialty. 1 16 1/2

NOTICE.

In pursuance of an order of Court made in the special proceedings entitled Amos Cherry vs Levy Cherry and others, now pending in the Superior Court of Halifax county, I will on the 21st day of November, 1896, sell to the highest bidder in the town of Scotland Neck, that store house and lot in which Albert Hill is now doing business, being lot No. 12 on Block 46 according to the plot of said town. Said sale is made for the purpose of partition among the devisees of the will of the late Wiley Cherry.

This 19th day of Oct., 1896. CLAUDE KITCHIN, Commissioner.

10 22 4 1/2

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SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN NOW.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Clemsishes from horses. Blood Spavin Surbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring worm tittes, Sprains, and Swollen Through, Coughs, Etc. Save 50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Bleemism Cure ever known. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Druggists, Scotland Neck, N. C. 10 1 Iv.

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AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by Druggists in every part of the World. Twenty five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and give no other kind. (R) 9 26 1/2

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Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by E. T. Whitehead and Co., Druggists, Scotland Neck, N. C.

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CHAS. M. WHITEHEAD, PEPPER, MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT LOWEST PRICES.

Designs sent to any address FREE. In writing for them please give age of deceased and some faint as to price. All work warranted strictly first-class and entirely satisfactory. 3 1 1/2

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S. R. ALLEY,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Tarboro, N. C.

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OVER JOHN BATTLE'S SHOE STORE. SIDE ENTRANCE.

WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE ALL MY FRIENDS